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TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to Sylvia.*

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
PROTEUS, }

ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*

THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *agent for Sylvia, in her escape.*

SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *servant to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.

Out-laws.

JULIA, *a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*

SILVIA, *the duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, musicians.

SCENE, *sometimes in Verona ; sometimes in Milan ; and
on the frontiers of Mantua.*



TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,

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A

To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book, pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book, I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be

In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks,
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you :

And he, that is so yoked by a fool,

Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire ?

Once more adieu : my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

Val. As much to you at home ! and so, farewell.

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love :
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more ;

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you : Saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already ;
And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep ?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I
wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True ; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and my mas-
ter seeks not me : therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the
shepherd for food follows not the sheep ; thou for wages
followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not
thee : therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound will serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

[*SPEED nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, 'sir: I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod: and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck; Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destined to a drier death on shore:— I must go send some better messenger; I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of JULIA's house.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,

Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on
him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*,—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from
Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be returned;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminat. [Exit.

Jul. And yet, I would, I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids, in modesty, say, *No*, to that,

Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile !
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask permission for my folly past :—
What ho ! Lucetta !

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship ?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time ?

Luc. I would it were ;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up
So gingerly ?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why should'st thou stoop then !

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing ?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those, that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune :
Give me a note : your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible :
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy ? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you ?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song :—How now, minion ?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam ; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation !— [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lie :
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange ; but she would be best
pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !

Injurious wasps ! to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

And, here is writ—*kind Julia* ;—unkind Julia !

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus* :—

Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down ?

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name ; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea !
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia ; that I'll tear away ;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names ;
Thus will I fold them one upon another ;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go ? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in ANTONIO's House.*

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him ?

Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet,
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither:

There shall he practice tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:

And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest execution
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Delivered by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor:
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;

For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court ;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go :
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided ;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after
thee :

No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino ; you shall be employed
To hasten on his expedition. [*Excunt ANT. and PAN.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning ;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd :
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you ;
He is in haste ; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto ;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Excunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A, B, C; to

weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam ; to fast, like one that takes diet ; to watch, like one that fears robbing ; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallow-mas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock ; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner ; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money : and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me ?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me ? they cannot.

Speed. Without you ? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would : but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal ; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia ?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper ?

Val. Hast thou observed that ? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not ?

Speed. Is she not hard favoured, sir ?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know ?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her. [*Aside.*

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him. [*Aside.*

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—

And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

[*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write
the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with
yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the
reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say,

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

*For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—
All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.*

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Verona. A room in JULIA's house.**Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.**Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner :

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

*[Giving a ring.]**Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here, take
you this.*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming; answer not;

The tide is now : nay, not the tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer than I should :

[Exit JULIA.]

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

*Enter PANTHINO.**Pan.* Sir Proteus, you are staid for*Pro.* Go; I come, I come :—Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman;—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up

and down : now come I to my sister ; mark the moan she makes : now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word ; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard ; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter ? why weep'st thou, man ? Away, ass ; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost ; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide ?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here ; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood ; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage ; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master ; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service ; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth ?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue ?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail ?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service ? The tide !—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears ; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man ; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go ?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Milan. An apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir ; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam ; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant ?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady ; for you gave the fire : sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir ; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers ; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more ; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health :
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news ?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman ?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son ?

Val. Ay, my good lord ; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well ?

Val. I knew him, as myself ; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together :
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection ;
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe ;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir ; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates ;
And here he means to spend his time a-while :
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth ;
Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, sir Thurio :—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it :

I'll send him hither to you presently. *[Exit Duke.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind ; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you ?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself ;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done ; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus !—Mistress, I beseech
you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he, you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is : sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability :—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed ;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome ?

Pro. No ; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*] Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me :—Once more, new servant, welcome :
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came ?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours ?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you ;

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now :

I have done penance for contemning love ;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord ;

And hath so humbled me, as I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth !

Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye :
Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any ;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train ; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this ?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus : all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world : why, man, she is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along ; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd ;

Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of : how I must climb her window ;
The ladder made of cords : and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth :

I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities, that I needs must use ;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.—

[*Erit VAL.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus ;
She's fair ; and so is Julia, that I love ;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold ;
And that I love him not, as I was wont :
O ! but I love his lady too, too much ;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her ?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light ;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will ;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.**Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.*

Speed. Launce ! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth ; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged ; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently ; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia ?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him ?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him,
it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee
not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not?
My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but
lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say,
no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me,
but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how
say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to
be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy
master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fye, fye, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;

But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself ; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend ;
For love is still more precious in itself :
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair !
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead ;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine :—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window ;
Myself in counsel, his competitor :
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight ;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine ;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter :
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift ! [Exit,

SCENE VII.—*Verona. A Room in JULIA's House.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta ; gentle girl, assist me !

And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas ! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly ;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food ?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire ;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns ;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course :
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along ?

Jul. Not like a woman : for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men :
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair,

Jul. No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
breeches ?

Jul. That fits as well, as—" tell me, good my lord,
" What compass will you wear your farthingale ?"
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta ! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey ?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone :
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect !
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth :
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to
him !

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth :
Only deserve my love, by loving him ;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence :
Come, answer not, but to it presently ;
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Anti-room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.——

[Exit THURIO.]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that, which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That, which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know,
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,

And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter ; stay with me a while ;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter :
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in :
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this ?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect ; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence :
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court :

Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd ;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words ;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents
her :

Send her another ; never give her o'er :
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away* :
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window ?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground ;
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia?*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.]

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

*I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.
What's here?*

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think, my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories,

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit DUKE.*]

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,

Is self from self; a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?

Unless it be to think that she is by,

And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's
head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia !—
Hath she forsworn me ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia hath forsworn me !—
What is your news ?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are va-
nish'd.

Pro. That thou art banished, O, that's the news ;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished ?

Pro. Ay, ay ; and she hath offered to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd ;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe :
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire ;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more ; unless the next word, that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life :
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all, that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the
wit to think, my master is a kind of knave: but that's
all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now,
that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a
team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who
'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but that woman, I
will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She
hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is

much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper.*] of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news, that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fye on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk*.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale*.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew*.

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. *Here follow her vices.*

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting; in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast; Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be taken from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she's slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. —*And more faults than hairs,—*

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. —*And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then I will tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! *[Exit.]*

Laun. Now will he be swung for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.— How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoken in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord : If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind ;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect :—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
Write till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity :—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps, to dance on sands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window,
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort some gentlemen well-skilled in music:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper:
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest, near Mantua.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you ;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone ! these are the villains,
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir ; we ate your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace ; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we ;

For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose ;

A man I am, cross'd with adversity :

My riches are these poor habiliments,

Of which if you should here disfurnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you ?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you ?

Val. From Milan.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there ?

Val. Some sixteen months ; and longer might have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence ?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence ?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse :

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so :

But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues ?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy ;

Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him : sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them ;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain !

2 Out. Tell us this : Have you any thing to take to ?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful men :

Myself was from Verona banished,

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape ; and by your own report
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want ;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :
Are you content to be our general ?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our con-
sört ?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all :
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have of-
fer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you ;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got ;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Milan. Court of the Palace.**Enter PROTEUS.*

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer ;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend ;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I lov'd :
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio ; now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus ? are you crept before us ?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio ; for you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do ; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom ? Silvia ?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, at a distance ; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest ! methinks you're ally-cholly ; I pray you, why is it ?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry : I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak ?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

[Music plays.]

Host. Hark ! hark !

Jul. Is he among these ?

Host. Ay : but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them play always but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:

Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceived so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;

For, I am sure, she is not buried.

[*Aside.*]

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that.

[*Aside.*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow I will make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

[*Aside.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; and SILVIA, from above,

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night,
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

Egl. This is the hour, that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind ;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam !

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls ?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend ;
One, that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast loved ; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode ;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him,
look you, it goes hard; one that I brought up of a

puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me,

when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whore-son peasant?

[To LAUNCE.]

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she, to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not; here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[Exit LAUNCE.]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit* PROTEUS.]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool ! Why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me ?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will :
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd ;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love ;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him ; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven, it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O !—he sends you for a picture ?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[Picture brought.]

Go, give your master this : tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—

Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd
Delivered you a paper that I should not ;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines :
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me ;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure :
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her :
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself :
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you ;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature : for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown ;
Which serv'd me as fit, by all men's judgement,
As if the garment had been made for me :
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part :
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight ;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth !—
Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [Exit SILVIA.]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself !

Here is her picture : Let me see ; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers :
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass ; and so are mine :
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god ?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so ; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit,

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky ;
And now, it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time ;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes : Lady, a happy evening !

Sil. Amen, amen ! go on, good Eglamour !
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall ;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off ;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. An apartment in the Duke's Palace.**Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
[*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
[*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently; and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,

That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.

Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. *[Exit.]*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune when it follows her:

I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,

Than for the love of reckless Silvia. *[Exit.]*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,

Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. *[Exit.]*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,

Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.**Enter SILVIA, and Out-laws.*

Out. Come, come ;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her ?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him,
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain : we'll follow him that's fled ;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's
cave :

Fear not ; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter VALENTINE.*

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man !
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was !
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !—
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day ?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace :
They love me well ; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine ; who's this comes here ?
[Steps aside.]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look ;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear !
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. *[Aside.]*

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
[Aside.]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, (for more there cannot be,)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus :
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end ;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven !

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;
Thou friend of an ill fashion !

Pro. Valentine !

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
love ;

(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man !
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me : Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive ; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom ? Proteus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest : O time, most curst !
'Mong'st all foes, that a friend should be the worst !

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here ; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid ;
And once again I do receive thee honest :—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleas'd ;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd :—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy ! *[Faints.]*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now ? what is the
matter ?

Look up ; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia ;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy ?

Jul. Here 'tis : this is it. *[Gives the ring.]*

Pro. How ! let me see :

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook ;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring ? at my de-
part,

I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me ;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ! Julia !

Jul. Behold her, that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart :
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root !
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush !
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest rayment ; if shame live
In a disguise of love :
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds ! 'tis true : O heaven !
were man

But constant, he were perfect : that one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins :
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins :
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either :
Let me be blest to make this happy close ;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Out-laws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize !

Val. Forbear, I say ; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine !

Thu. Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death ;
Come not within the measure of my wrath :
Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch ;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I ;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl, that loves him not :
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived ;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace ; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon, that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

*Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.*

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PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses, at variance with each*

CAPULET, } *other.*

An old Man, uncle to CAPULET.

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*

GREGORY, }

ABRAM, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

CHORUS. *Boy; Page to Paris; Peter; an officer.*

Lady MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

Lady CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several men and women, relations to both houses; maskers, guards, watchmen, and attendants.

SCENE *during the greater part of the play, in Verona:
once in the fifth act, at Mantua.*



ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True: and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.



Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. *[Beats down their swords.]*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward. *[They fight.]*

*Enter several Partizans of both houses, who join the fray;
then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword,
ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exit Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, citizens, and servants.]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,

Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo !—saw you him to-day ?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night :
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exit MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father, that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke, rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire, sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea, nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Bcn. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Bcn. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Bcn. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair I love.

Bcn. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Bcn. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that spring makes huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,

To merit bless by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Bcn. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Bcn. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more :
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Bcn. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
Once more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me ;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*Gives a paper.*] and
to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here ?
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with
his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his
pencil, and the painter with his nets ; but I am sent to
find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can

never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned :—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning ;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish :
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is :
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read ?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book :
But I pray, can you read any thing you see ?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly ; Rest you merry !

Rom. Stay, fellow ; I can read. [*Reads.*

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters ; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters ; The lady widow of Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces ; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine ; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters ; My fair niece Rosaline ; Læ-

via ; *Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio, and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly ; [*Gives back the note*]. Whither should they come ?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither ?

Serv. To supper ; to our house.

Rom. Whose house ?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking : My master is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st ;
With all the admired beauties of Verona :
Go thither ; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires !
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars !
One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye :
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in CAPULET's house.**Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb ! what, lady-bird !—
God forbid !—where's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again ;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen : How long is it now
To Lammas-tide ?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan, and she,—God rest all Christian souls !—

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me : But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day :
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain :—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house : 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years :
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow :
And then my husband—God be with his soul !
'A was a merry man;—took up the child :
Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backwards when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay* :
To see now, how a jest shall come about !
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth
he :
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay* :
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour, that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years,
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content ;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover :
The fish lives in the sea ; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide :
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
So shall you share all, that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ? nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, torch-bearers and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling ;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love ;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—

Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a mask.*]

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, this is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE V.—*A hall in CAPULET's house.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she, that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone :
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much :
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd:
What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—

This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.

You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time—

Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:—

Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—

I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. *[Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

[To JULIET.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands, that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips, that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[Kissing her.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin, that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not
dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? what's this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*

Nurse. Anon, anon :—
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks :
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where :
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open place, adjoining CAPULET'S garden.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes, that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand,
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks !
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she :
Be not her maid, since she is envious ;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—
It is my lady ; O, it is my love :
O, that she knew she were !—
She speaks, yet she says nothing ; What of that ?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. Ah me !

Rom. She speaks :—

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy ;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name !
What's in a name ? that, which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection, which he owes,
Without that title :—Romeo, doff thy name ;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound ;

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me ? and where-
fóre ?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb ;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight ;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face ;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that, which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke ; But farewell compliment !

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those, that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,

Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.]

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit.]

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one, that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world :

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon :—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,——

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come :—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,——

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [*Exit.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books ;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again !
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone :
And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Friar LAURENCE's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb ;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find ;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : But where hast thou been
then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies :
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; They stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.* .

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
• Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he
dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead ! stabbed
with a white wench's black eye ; shot through the ear
with a love-song ; the very pin of his heart cleft with
the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft ; And is he a man to en-
counter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O,
he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights
as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and pro-
portion ; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the

third in your bosom : the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause : Ah, the immortal passado ! the punto reverso ! the hay !—

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes ; these new tuners of accents !—*By Jesu, a very good blade !—a very tall man !—a very good whore !—*Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench ? O, their *bons*, their *bons* !

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring :—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified !—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in ; Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench ;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her : Dido, a dowdy ; Cleopatra, a gipsy ; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots ; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour* ! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you ?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip ; Can you not conceive ?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great ; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to

mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself

talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirtgills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; If I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you,
sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—
Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—
there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain
lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a
toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes,
and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll
warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any
clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Ro-
meo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is
for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other
letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of
you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, Take my fan, and go before. [*Excunt.*

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him :—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile;—
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, What haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he;
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a bo-
dy,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are
past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but,
I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways,
wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t'other side,—O, my back, my back !—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry, that thou art not well :
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous :—Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ?—why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou reply'st !
Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother ?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear !
Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil ;—Come, what says Rómeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark :
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight ;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Friar LAURENCE's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossomers,
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword
upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!*
and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the
drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody,
and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why
thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or
a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt
quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other
reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye,
but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy
head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat;
and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg,
for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for

coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog, that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting:—Villain am I none; Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries, That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee; But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! *A la stoccata* carries it away. *[Draws.]*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. *[Drawing.]*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame

Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—

The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying

In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Excunt TYBALT and his Partizans.*]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o'both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint.—A plague o'both your houses!

They have made worm's meat of me:

I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Excunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt

Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and, swifter than his
tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly :
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life :
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :

I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in CAPULET's house.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
That run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks
With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.

Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there, the
cords,

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. *[Throws them down.*

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring thy
hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot :—O Romeo ! Romeo !—
Who ever would have thought it ?---Romeo !

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus ?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice :
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I* ;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say---*I* ; or if not, no :
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,---
God save the mark !---here on his manly breast :
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood ;---I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart !---poor bankrupt, break at
once !

To prison, eyes ! ne'er look on liberty !
Vile earth, to earth resign ; end motion here ;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier !

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !
O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !
That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary ?
Is Romeo slaughter'd ; and is Tybalt dead ?
My dear lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord ?---
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !
For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished ;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished ;

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vita*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him, that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him, that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—*Tybalt's dead*,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall
be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords :---Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd :
He made you for a highway to my bed ;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding bed ;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !
Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo
To comfort you :---I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;
I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Jul. O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Friar LAURENCE's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful
man ;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's doom ?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say—death :
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death :—then banishment
Is death mis-term'd : calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
But Romeo may not ; he is banished :
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;

They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But---banished---to kill me ; banished ?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word---banishment ?

Fri. Thou fond mad-man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished ?---Hang up philosophy !
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see, that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Ro-
meo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;

[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir !—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own ?
Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love ?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps ;
And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her ; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. *[Drawing his sword.]*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man !
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !
Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth ?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once ; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fye, fye ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use, indeed,
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man :
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love, which thou hast vow'd to cherish :
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bade me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all
your state;—

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in CAPULET's House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I ;---Well, we were born to die.---
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night ;
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-mor-
row ;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next---
But, soft ; What day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too
soon,

O' Thursday let it be ;---o' Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl :---
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado ;---a friend, or two :---
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-mor-
row.

Cap. Well, get you gone :---O' Thursday be it then :---

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed ;
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.---
Farewell, my lord.---Light to my chamber, ho !
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by :---Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.---JULIET's chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light ?—more dark and dark
our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :
The day is broke ; be wary, look about.

[Exit Nurse.]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[ROMEO descends.]

Jul. Art thou gone so ? my love ! my lord ! my
friend !

I must hear from thee every day i'the hour,
For in a minute there are many days :
O ! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God ! I have an ill-divining soul :
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu ! adieu !

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle :
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him,
That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle, fortune ;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter ! are you up ?

Jul. Who is't that calls ? is it my lady mother ?
Is she not down so late, or up so early ?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet ?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death ?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live ;
Therefore, have done : Some grief shows much of love ;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend,

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam ?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him ! I do, with all my heart ;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death !

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not :

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd :—
Madam, if you could but find out a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it ;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris :—These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so your-
self.

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew :
But for the sunset of my brother's son,

It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logick! What is this?

Proud,---and, I thank you,---and, I thank you not;---
And yet not proud;---Mistress minion, you
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow face !

La. Cap. Fye, fye ! what, are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient wretch !
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face :
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had sent us but this only child ;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her :
Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,
Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den !

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad : Day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd : and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;—*
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good ;
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. *[Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word ;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *[Exit.*

Jul. O God !—O nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.---
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself !---
What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nursc. 'Faith, here 'tis : Romeo

Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman !
Romeo's a dishclout to him ; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first : or if it did not,
Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. From my soul too ;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen !

Nurse. To what ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !

Is it more sin---to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?---Go, counsellor ;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.---
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy ;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Friar LAURENCE's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[Aside.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;

For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:

Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit PAR.*]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk,
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things, that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there thou art dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help
afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in CAPULET'S house.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they
can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his
own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers,
goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift, with merry
look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been
gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-
morrow. *[Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.]*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision ;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush ! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;
I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho !—
They are all forth : Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow : my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best :—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy ? do you need my help ?

Jul. No, madam ; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night !

Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell !—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me ;—
Nurse !—What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?

Must I of force be married to the county ?—

No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?
I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man :
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say
At some hours in the night, spirits resort ;—
Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;—
O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears ?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
O, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herself upon the bed.*]

SCENE IV.—CAPULET'S Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath
crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :—

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit ; What ! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
time ;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Excunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—Now, fellow,
What's there ?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir ; but I know not
what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*—Sirrah,
fetch drier logs ;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said ; A merry whoreson ! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day :
The county will be here with music straight,

[*Music within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near :—

Nurse !—Wife !—what, ho !—what, nurse, I say !

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up ;
I'll go and chat with Paris :—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—JULIET'S chamber; JULIET on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fye, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!--madam!--sweet-heart!--why, bride!--

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?

What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—

Some aqua-vitæ, ho!--my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!--my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
She's not well married, that lives married long ;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church :
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral :
Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—
And go, sir Paris ;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and
Friar.*

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's
ease* ; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

1 Mus. Why *heart's ease* ?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry dump,
to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will
give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on
your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll
fa you; Do you note me?

1 Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out
your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat
you with an iron-wit, and put up my iron dagger:—
Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;*

Why, silver sound? why, music with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound
for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy ! you are the singer : I will say for you. It is—*music with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding :—

*Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit, singing.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same ?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack ! Come, we'll in here ; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Mantua. A Street.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy ?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How fares my Juliet ? That I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill ;
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives :
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he, that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents,

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds, that thou may'st not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Friar LAURENCE's Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight

Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come ;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb ! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Church-yard ; in it, a monument belonging to the CAPULETS.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure. [Retires.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed :

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity ;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,

Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[The boy whistles.]

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?
What, with a torch !---muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light : Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :---
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :
The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou
that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the door of the Monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—

[*Advances.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury : O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither arm'd against myself :
Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight.*]

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*]

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his, that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe,
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond' that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!—[*Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.

[*JULIET wakes and stirs.*

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents ; come, come away :
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;
And Paris too ; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay no
longer. [Exit.]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :—
O churl ! drink all ; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]
Thy lips are warm !

1 *Watch.* [Within.] Lead, boy :—Which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger !
[Snatching ROMEO's dagger.]
This is thy sheath ; [Stabs herself.] there rust, and let
me die.

[Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies.]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch doth
burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody ; Search about the
churchyard :

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.

[Excunt some.]

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;—
And Juliet bleeding ; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground, whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man ;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens !—O, wife ! look how our daughter bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo ! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :
What further woe conspires against mine age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death : Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place

Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say, at once, what dost thou know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.
All this I know ; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say in this ?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father ;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch ?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave ;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
And, by and by, my master drew on him ;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death :

And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen :—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand :
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings :

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head :
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*

HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARK.



PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *son to the former, and nephew to the present King.*

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,	}	<i>Courtiers.</i>
CORNELIUS,		
ROSENCRANTZ,		
GUILDENSTERN,		

OSRIC, *a courtier.*

Another Courtier.

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,	}	<i>Officers.</i>
BERNARDO,		

FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*

REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*

A captain. An ambassador.

Ghost of Hamlet's father.

FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*

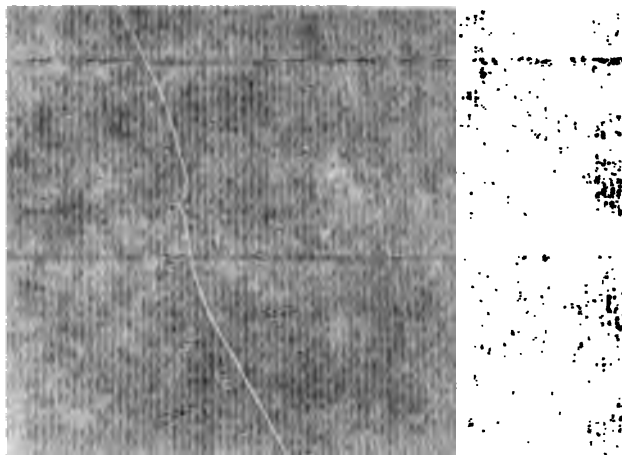
GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *daughter of Polonius.*

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers,
Sailors, Messengers, and other attendants.*

SCENE, *Elsinore.*

2



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold
Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

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Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve ; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks : 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho ! Who is
there ?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier :
Who hath reliev'd you ?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

[Exit FRAN.]

Mar. Holla ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy ;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us :
Therefore I have entreated him, along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes
again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compáct,
Well ratified by law, and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king,
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

— — — — —

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together démonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet : for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him :
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green ; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye ;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along :—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,

Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltinand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor. & Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our
duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOL. and COR.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Lacr. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow
leave,
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly : These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within, which passeth show ;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow : But to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven ;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient ;
An understanding simple and unschool'd :
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart ? Fye ! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe ; and think of us
As of a father : for let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne ;
And, with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire :
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet ;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c.* POLONIUS, and

LAERTES.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fye on't ! O fye ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two :
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on : And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't ;—Frailty, thy name is woman !—
A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she,—
O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules : Within a month ;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married :—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;
But break, my heart ; for I must hold my tongue !

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name
with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,

My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me;

Hold you the watch to-night ?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not

His face ?

Hor. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like : Stay'd it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a
hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd ? no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;

Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Erit.*

SCENE III.—*A room in* POLONIUS' *house.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then : best safety lies in fear ;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart : But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laer. O fear me not,
I stay too long ;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame ;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for : There,—my blessing with you ;

[Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.]

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd, comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well

What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Exit LAERTES.*]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you : and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous :

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,

As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :

What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders

Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,

The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you ; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ? I heard it not ; it then draws near the
season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations :
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition: and, indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me :

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as
swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetick soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell?—O fye!—Hold, hold, my heart:
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, —meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain:
At least I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

[*Writing.*

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,——

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,——

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?—

But you'll be secret,——

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right:

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:

You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—

For every man hath business, and desire,

Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,

Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?

We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,
true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work i'the earth
so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antick disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;

—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they*
might;—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me:—This do you swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.--*A Room in POLONIUS's House.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you,
sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,---*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him;---Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And, in part, him*;---but, you may say, *not well*:
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;---and there put on him

What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so
quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty:
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so; or friend, or gentleman,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was about
To say some something:—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Videlicet, a brothel,) or so forth.—

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlances, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:

So, by former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord, —

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell !—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know ;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so ;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being : 'That done, he lets me go :
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love ;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted him : I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
This must be known ; which, being kept close, might
move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guilden-
stern !
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke

Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him;
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz :

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him !

Queen. Ay, amen !

*[Exit ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and some attendants.]*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord ? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king :
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that ; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors ;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thysself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[Exit POLONIUS.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main ;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:

Most welcome home !

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief : Your noble son is mad :
Mad call I it : for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad ?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true : a foolish figure ;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then : and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect ;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause :
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter ; have, while she is mine ;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this : Now gather, and surmise.
—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Ophelia,*——
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; *beautified* is a vile
phrase ; but you shall hear.—Thus :

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire ; [Reads.

Doubt, that the sun doth move :

Doubt truth to be a liar ;

But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have not art to reckon my groans : but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

*This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me :
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.*

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

*When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book ;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb ;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ;
What might you think ? no, I went round to work,*

And my young mistress thus did I bespeak ;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere ;
This must not be : and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know
that,)

That I have positively said, *'Tis so,*
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise :

[Pointing to his head and shoulder.]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours to-
gether,

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :
Be you and I behind an arras then ;
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently :—O, give me leave.—

[Exeunt King, Queen, and attendants.]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to
be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'the sun: conception is a
blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend,
look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping
on my daughter :—yet he knew me not at first; he
said I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and
truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love;

very near this. I'll speak to him again.--What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.--How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.--My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir !---

[*To POLONIUS.*
[*Exit POLONIUS.*

Guil. My honour'd lord !---

Ros. My most dear lord !---

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do ye both ?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy ;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours ?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune ? O, most true ; she is a strumpet. What news ?

Ros. None, my lord ; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near : But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular : What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither ?

Guil. Prison, my lord !

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one ; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons ; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you ; for there is no-

thing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not, that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my say, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to

colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [To GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside.*—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He, that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o'the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanceth it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains

them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of trumpets within.]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are wel-

come : but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord ?

Ham. I am but mad north-north west : when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen !

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern ;—and you too ;—at each ear a hearer : that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Hapily, he's the second time come to them ; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players ; mark it.—You say right, sir : o'Monday morning ; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz !

Pol. Upon my honour,——

Ham. *Then came each actor on his ass,*——

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. *O Jephthah, judge of Israel,*—what a treasure hadst thou !

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord ?

Ham. Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter. *[Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i'the right, old Jephthah ?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord ?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot*, and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*,—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more ; for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters ; welcome, all :—I am glad to see thee well :—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend ! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last ; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark ?—What ! my young lady and mistress ! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see : We'll have a speech straight : Come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once : for the play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 'twas caviare to the general : but it was (as I received it, and

others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection: but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks;—So proceed you.
Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good
accent, and good discretion.*

*1 Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,*

*Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i'the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—*

*Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
*Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry,
or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.*

1 Play. *But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled queen—*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames*

*With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour, that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit POL. with some of the Players.]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. *[Exit Player.]* My good friends, *[To Ros. and GUIL.]* I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[Exeunt ROS. and GUILD.]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fye upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have
heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*]

ACT IIL

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it; They are about the court;

And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true :

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content
me

To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too :

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither ;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia :

Her father, and myself (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you :

And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness : so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here :—Gracious, so please
you,

We will bestow ourselves :—Read on this book ;

[*To OPHELIA.*]

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

[*Aside.*

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and POLONIUS.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks,
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns,
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you
did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him !

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more oft; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit HAMLET.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword :
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers ! quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me !
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.--How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Ter-magant ; it out-herods Herod : Pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature : for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole

theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[Excunt Players.]

*Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-
STERN.*

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— *[Exit POL.]*

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. *[Excunt ROS. and GUILD.]*

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note :
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord :
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play ; I must be idle :
Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith ; of the camelion's dish : I
eat the air, promise-crammed : You cannot feed capons
so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ;
these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played
once in the university, you say ? [To POL.]

Pol. That did I, my lord ; and was accounted a good
actor.

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i'the
Capitol ; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a
calf there.—Be the players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho ! do you mark that ? [To the King.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of

flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,*

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground ;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been ;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done !
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must :
For women fear too much, even as they love ;
And women's fear and love hold quantity ;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear :
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too ;

My operant powers their functions leave to do :
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd ; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou —

P. Queen. O, confound the rest !
Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
In second husband let me be accurst !
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

[*Aside.*

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven
light !

Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night !
To desperation turn my trust and hope !
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now,——

[*To OPHELIA.*

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here
a while ;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

[*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ;

And never come mischance between us twain ! [*Erit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no
offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no
offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how ? Tropically.
This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna :
Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista : you
shall see anon ; 'tis a knavish piece of work : But what
of that ? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it

touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers
are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love,
if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my
edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, mur-
derer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;—

———The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison in the sleeper's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate.
His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written
in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the
murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO*

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provençal roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some musick; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—but is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players and Recorders.

O, the recorders :—let me see one.—To withdraw with you :—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying : govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from the lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played upon than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[Exit POLONIUS.]

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[Exeunt ROS. GUIL. HOR. &c.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals, never, my soul, consent ! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Guil. We will ourselves provide :
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulph, doth draw

What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, & GUILDENSTERN.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit* POLONIUS.]
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand and pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow ? Where to serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—
That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects, for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : But 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
Try what repentance can : What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
All may be well. [Retires, and kneels.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, yea, now he is praying ;

And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven :
And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd :
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven ?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him : And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent :
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act,
That hath no relish of salvation in't :
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven :
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter Queen and POLONIUS.*

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him :

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you ;
Fear me not :—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*POLONIUS hides himself.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
And,—'would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not
budge ;

You go not, till I set you up a glass,
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*
Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain. [*Falls, and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed:—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[*To POLONIUS.*

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom hath not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oaths: O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband: like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: And what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
Stew'd in corruption: honeying, and making love
Over the nasty stye;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches :—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious
figure ?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command ?
O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget : This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :
O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works ;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you ?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse :
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

Ham. On him ! on him !—Look you, how pale he
glares !
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects : then what I have to do
Will want true colour ; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look, how it steals
away !

My father, in his habit as he liv'd !

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[Exit Ghost.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music : It is not madness,
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue :
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg ;

Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to POLONIUS.*]

I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fel-
lows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you :—
Good night, mother.

[Exit severally; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs ; these profound heaves ;

You must translate : 'tis fit we understand them :
Where is your son ?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, who go out.]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier : In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat ! a rat !*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there :

His liberty is full of threats to all ;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?

It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man : but, so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit ;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd :
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away !
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence : and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :
Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Excunt Ros. and GUIL.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends :
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done : so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O come away !
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. *[Excunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Another room in the same.**Enter HAMLET.*

Ham.—Safely stowed,—[*Ros. &c. within.* *Hamlet!* lord Hamlet!] But soft,—what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence, and bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing ——

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him :
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause : Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho! Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i'the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that, which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,

The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come;
for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and
wife; man and wife is one flesh: and so, my mother.
Come, for England. *[Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed
aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:

Away; for every thing is seal'd and done,

That else leans on the affair; Pray you, make haste.

[Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,

(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set

Our sovereign process; which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,

Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king ;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[Exit FORTINBRAS and Forces.]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, what powers are these ?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,

I pray you ?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who

Commands them, sir ?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier ?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw :

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace ;

That inward breaks, and shews no cause without

Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi'you, sir. *[Exit Captain.]*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord ?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.]

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,

If his chief good, and market of his time,

Be but to sleep, and feed ? a beast, no more.

Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before, and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event,—

A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know

Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do* ;

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :

Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender prince ;

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,

Makes mouths at the invisible event ;

Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Queen and HORATIO.

Queen. —I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i'the world; and hems, and beats her
heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for she
may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in.

[*Exit* HORATIO.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, and OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the Beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *How should I your true love know*

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon.

[*Singing.*

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,

[*Sings.*

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Sings.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with sweet flowers ;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady ?

Oph. Well, God'ield you ! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table !

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this ; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this :

*Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine :*

*Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door ;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't :

*By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fye for shame !
Young men will do't, if they come to't ;
By cock, they are to blame.*

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed :*

[He answers.]

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient :
but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should
lay him i'the cold ground : My brother shall know
of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel.
Come, my coach ! Good night, ladies ; good night,
sweet ladies : good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close ; give her good watch, I
pray you. [*Exit HORATIO.*

O ! this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs
All from her father's death : And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions ! First, her father slain ;
Next, your son gone ; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove : The people muddied,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death ; and we have done but
greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him : Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment ;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France :
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A noise within.*]

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all with-
out.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims
me bastard ;

Cries, cuckold, to my father ; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion look so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude ; do not fear our person ;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why art thou thus incens'd ;—Let him go, Gertrude ;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead ? I'll not be juggled with :
To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest devil !
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit !
I dare damnation : To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes ; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the world's :
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser ?

Lacr. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then ?

Lacr. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms ;

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Lacr. How now ! what noise is that ?

*Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws and
flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains ! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye !—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May !
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia !—
O heavens ! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?
Nature is fine in love : and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him barefac'd on the bier ;*

*Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny ;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear ;—*

Fare you well, my dove !

Lacr. Had'st thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it ! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Lacr. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ; pray you, love, remember : and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Lacr. A document in madness ; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines :—there's rue for you ; and here's some for me :—we may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays :—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy :—I would give you some violets ; but they withered all, when my father died :—They say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [*Sings.*

Lacr. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again ?* [*Sings.*
And will he not come again ?

*No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll :
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan ;
God a' mercy on his soul !*

And of all christian souls ! I pray God. God be wi' you ! [Exit OPHELIA.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God !

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shalt hear and judge 'twixt you and me :
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction ; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so ;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall ;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter HORATIO, and a servant.**Hor.* What are they, that would speak with me?*Serv.* Sailors, sir;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— [*Exit servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.**1 Sail.* God bless you, sir.*Hor.* Let him bless thee too.*1 Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.*Hor.* [*Reads.*] Horatio, *when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter.*

*These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosen-
crantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England ;
of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters ;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend ;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears :—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons ;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks ; and for my self,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,

Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear him :
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Lacr. And so have I a noble father lost ;
A sister driven into desperate terms ;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections :—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that : you must not
think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more :
I loved your father, and we love ourself ;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now ? what news ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! who brought them ?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say : I saw them not ;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them :—
Leave us.

[Exit Mess.]

[Reads.] *High and mighty, you shall know, I am set*

naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean ! Are all the rest come back ?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,—*
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone :*
Can you advise me ?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come ;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so ? how otherwise ?—
Will you be rul'd by me ?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall :
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd ;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback : but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't ; he grew unto his seat ;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well : he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you : the scrimers of their nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much: That we would do,
We should do, when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads : he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils ; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point
With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this ;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape : if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd ; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft ;—let me see :—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't :
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him

A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise ?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen ?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow :—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide ;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up :
Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes ;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears : But yet
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,

Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude :
How much I had to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
Therefore, let's follow. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Church Yard.*

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave straight; the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clo. To't.

2 Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses, that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.]

1 Clown digs, and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.* [Sings.]

[Throws up a scull.]

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This

might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

[Throws up a scull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of lands, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt?

will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

*O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by

the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade,

that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once: This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

[Takes the scull.]

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[Throws down the scull.]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio !
Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of
Alexander, till we find it stopping a bung-hole ?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider
so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot : but to follow him thither
with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it : As
thus ; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexan-
der returneth to dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we
make loam : And why of that loam, whereto he was
converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw !
But soft ! but soft ! aside ;—Here comes the king,

*Enter Priests, &c. in procession ; the corpse of OPHELIA,
LAERTES and mourners following ; King, Queen, their
trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers : Who is this they follow ?
And with such maimed rites ! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate :
Couch we a while, and mark.

[Retiring with HORATIO.]

Laer. What ceremony else ?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth : Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty : Her death was doubtful ;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Lacr. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Lacr. Lay her i'the earth;—

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Lacr. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head

Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen, —

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For the love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear
thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Erit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Erit* HORATIO.

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To* LAERTES

We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A hall in the castle.**Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

Ham. So much for this, sir : now shall you see the other ;—

You do remember all the circumstance ?

Hor. Remember it, my lord !

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep : methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall : and that should teach
us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them : had my desire ;
Finger'd their packet ; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again : making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery ; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,

My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible ?

Ham. Here's the commission ; read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed ?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainies,
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play ;—I sat me down ;
Devis'd a new commission ; wrote it fair :
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service : Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary ;
As love between them like the palm might flourish ;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities ;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant ;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal :
Folded the writ up in form of the other ;
Subscrib'd it ; gav't the impression ; plac'd it safely,

The changeling never known : Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment ;

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow :
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon ?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother ;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes ;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage ; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm ? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his : I'll count his favours :
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace ; who comes here ?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess; 'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion——

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.]

Osr. Nay, good my lord: for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to

speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you:—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearch and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me;—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poinards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me:

let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did not comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time,

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. *[Exit Lord.]*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and attendants with joils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of LAER. into that of HAM.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but, in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:—
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length?
[*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn; give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin:—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir,

Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is
thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit; What say you? *[They play.]*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. *[Aside.]*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[Aside.]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[They play.]

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. *[The Queen falls.]*

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrice;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear
Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [*Dies.*

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point

Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*

Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous damned
Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?

Follow my mother.

[*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;

Nor thine on me!

[*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—

[March afar off, and shot within.]

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophecy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart ;—Good night, sweet
prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !
Why does the drum come hither ? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it, you would see ?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc !—O proud death !
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck ?

1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal ;
And our affairs from England come too late :
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you ;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd ; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view :
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about : So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;

Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*
[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which, a
peal of ordnance is shot off.*

END OF VOLUME ELEVENTH.

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